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THE Sanctuarie of a troubled *Soule.*

Written by I. H.

Newly reprinted, enlarged and emended by the author himselfe.

Before I was troubled I went wrong. Psal. 119.

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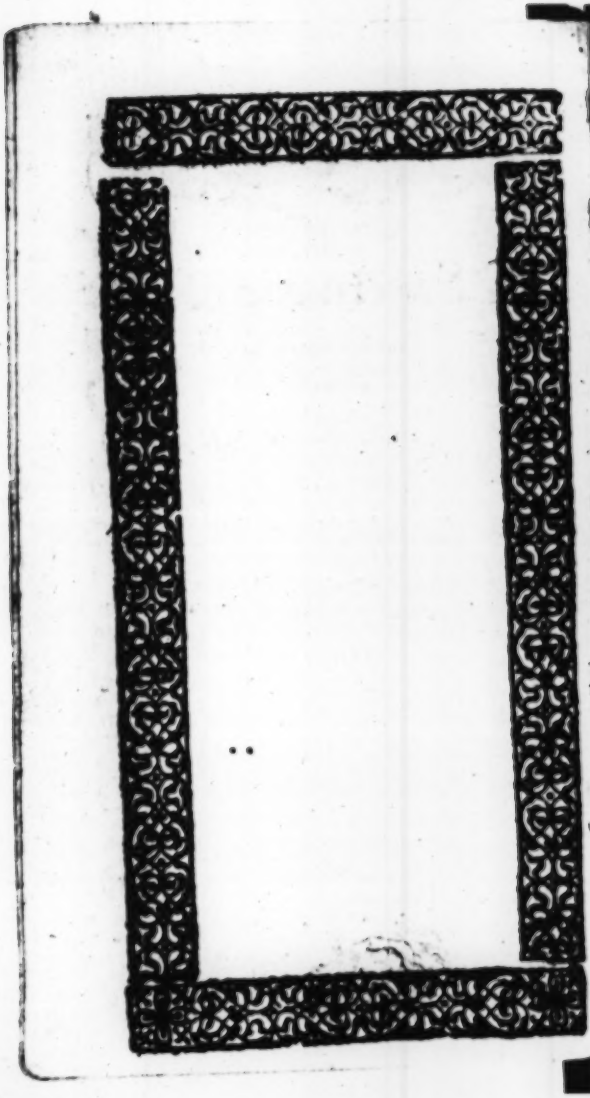


Prouide thee of a medicine beefore the ſoare come, and examine thy ſelfe beefore Iudgement: and ſo ſhalt thou finde propitiation in the ſight of God, Eccleſ. 3.18.

The I. Deuotion.

The ſinner touched with his own ſinnes, and terrified with Gods iudgment, flyeth vnto Chriſt.

O Chriſt, the Sonne of the moſt myghtye God, the Sauiour of moſt miſerable men;

whose blessed bodie was buffeted with fistes, torne with whips, stretched vpō the crosse, pierced with nailes & speare, and bathed in the sweete streames of thine owne bloud, for the redēption of all mankind: to thee, O author, O restorer, O preseruer of life, to thy maiestie, to thy mercie, my sinnefull soule, full of fresh bleeding woundes,

full

ful of ould corrupted ſoares, ſicke to the death with a ſurfet of ſinne, would faine preſent it ſelfe, and ſende a few fainte groanes vnto thy heauenly eares.

but alas, the greatneſſe of my diſeaſe hath almoſt taken away the ſence thereof; and ſo horrible is my corruptiõ, that I feare it wil too much offend thy pure preſence? and altogether

auert, thy coũtenãce from beholding me, thine eare from hearing me, and thy cõpaſſion from relieuing me.

O ſinne, the verie bane and death of my ſoule, was it not enough for you to infect a heedeles creature with your poiſon, but you muſt make it ſo ougly and loathſome, that the eie of mercie ſhould not endure to beehold

hould it? was it not enough for you to cruſh it in pieces with your weight, but you muſt alſo go about to ſtop, both the eare of pittie with horror, & the mouth of prayer with ſhame? was it not inough for you to drawe me to diſtruction, but you muſt alſo take from mee, both the ſence of griefe, and the ſight of danger; and con-

ſequently, the cure of the one, and care of the other?

I was wounded & I felte it not: I was wounded to death, & I perceiued it not: I was bound, I was beaten, and I regarded it not: yea, my woundes were a delightfull tickling vnto mee, I tooke pleaſure in moſt baſe bõdage, and (like *Salomons* foole) I laughed when I was laſhed.

For

For I was beſide my ſelfe, whē I was without thee, neither diſcerning and deſiring that which was good nor yet ſeeing and ſhunning that which was euill. I became not only fooliſh, but altogether ſenceleſſe; for thou art trueth, & I was without thee, thou art life, & I was without thee.

Alas how am I deformed? how am I defiled? O deere Chriſt,

Chriſt, my fainting ſoule groaneth and gaſpeth for thy grace, but it is abaſhed at thy glory: *I* would faine intreat thy mercy to heale mee, but *I* am loth to offend thy maieſtie in beeholding mee: *I* am aſhamed to lay open my iniquities, and yet (woe is me) *I* cannot appeare before thee without them.

Ah theſe my ſinnes, how do they diſtres? how

how do they diſtract me? they deſire to be ſeene, that they may bee healed; but they ſhunne to be ſhewn, leaſt they ſhould bee deteſted: they are not healed without confeſsion, and they are not heard without confuſion: If they be couered they cannot be cured, and if they be opened they muſt needes be abhorred: In the meane time, their ſharpenes pierceth

ceth me, their waight preſſeth me, they torment me with griefe, they terrifie me with feare, they confound me with ſhame.

What ſhall I ſay, or what ſhall I doe, wretche that I am, whether did I bende my ſelfe, and to what pas am I now come? O Chriſt, I did not ſet thee beefore my eyes, and now I dare not appeare in thy ſight: I reioyced

ced but not in thee,& now I am troubled, but thou art not with me. Alaſſe, better it were to bee nothing, then to bee without thee, without whom al things are nothing; better it were to bee dead, then to be without thee, O our life.

Wo to me wretch, what ſhall I do in that terrible day, when at the ſound of the trũpet all graues ſhall open, & yeeld vp their

priſoners, which they haue kept faſt fettered in the chaines of death, from all ages ſince the worlde was made. When the bookes of euery mãs naked conſcience ſhall be laide foorth: when all my actions, words and thoughts, euen thoſe which I moſt eſteemed, either concealed. or els forgotten, ſhall bee ſet in ſo open and plaine a veiw, that all the worlde

worlde ſhall point at mee, and ſay, *Behold the man and what hee hath done.* When I ſhall bee compelled to aunſwer to manie thinges, whereof I would haue ſcorned to haue bene either queſtioned or tould, during the time of my life. when the heauens ſhall threatē me, the earth riſe vp againſt me, and al the creatures which I haue abuſed crie vē-

geance vpon mee: when the Diuelles ſhall accuſe mee, my own conſcience giue euidence againſt me, and the whole Iurie of Saintes paſſe their verdict vpon me.

At that day to go forward it will be intolerable; to go back, impoſsible; to turne a ſide, vnauaileable: and ſo great will bee the aſtoniſhment, betwene ſorrow, ſhame and feare, that the guilty

guiltie ſinner ſhall be deſirous to hide him ſelfe, (if it were poſsible) euen in hell.

What way ſhall I thē take in theſe deſperate extremities? whether ſhall I turne my ſelfe? what ſhift, what friendes ſhall I be able to make? all thinges giuing cauſe of terrour, and nothinge of comforte. Alaſſe, what ſhall I do, but euen faint for feare, and ſtande as a

moſt deſperate and forlorne wretch, trẽblinge and quakinge beefore the preſence of the moſt ſeuere iudge, who neither can bee blinded, nor will bee corrupted; altogether confounded, at the intollerable vehemencie and waight of his wrath, at the inexcuſable number and enormity of my ſinnes, at the eaſeleſſe and endleſſe puniſhment which I ſhall

ſhall ſee I haue deſer-
ued.

Who, where, what thinge ſhall then bee my comfort? when I ſhall behold, aboue, an angrie Iudge condemning mee; beeneath, hell open, and the boyling furnace ready to deuour me; on one ſide, the diuels with bitter ſcoffes and vpbraydings haling me; on the other ſide, the ſaintes and my very neereſt

ſriendes, not onely ſorſaking me, but reioycing and prayſing God for his iuſtice in my damnatiō: within, my conſcience tearing me; without, the powers of heauē ſhakē and diſſolued, the elementes ſhiuered in peeces; the whole worlde flaming, & all damned ſoules crying & curſing rounde about mee.

O indignation of the

of the almightie, fall not vpon mee; for I haue neither power to reſiſt thee, nor patiẽce to endure thee, nor place to auoyde thee. And doubtleſſe, it is impoſsible, ether to expreſſe, or to imagine, what an ineſtimable treaſure a good conſcience will be at that day: and if a ſinner could now conceiue the infinite ſea of terrours and tormentes, whiche

then he ſhal perceiue to ruſh vpon him, he would not endure them one moment, for all the falſe pleaſures that his ſweeteſt ſinnes can afford.

Alaſſe wretch, what ſhall I doe? if I ſpeake, my ſinnes ſtand vp againſt me: & if I hold my peace, I find no mã to comfort mee. Mourne O my ſoul, drowne thy ſelfe in bitter mourning; howle out and lament

lament beecauſe of theſe heauy horrours which thine offences prepare daily to heap vpon thee: thou being as vnable to repel the one, as either to repreſſe, or repente the other.

And yet now thou doeſt ſee theſe euils, ſee alſo if thou canſt ſhunne them; let no paynes bee too great, no petitions either to often, or too earneſt

to make prouiſion a-gaynſte that daye: trample vnder foote the vanities of this life; ſhake them off, as *Paul* did the viper into the fire, leſt they cauſe thee to ſhake. Runne, O runne vnto thy onely refuge Ieſus Chriſt thy redeemer, become (as it doth become thee) an humble ſuppliant, in the loweſt degree both of ſorrow and ſhame: proſtrate thy ſelfe

ſelfe beefore his preſence, poure out thy teares at his feete, make an abiect countenance and geſture, vnfained meſſengers of thy diſtreſſed mind; let thy words bee ſeaſoned with ſighes, and bathed in teares, & ſo addreſſe thy ſuite vnto him. Although it bee late, it is not yet too late to call for his mercie: & wherefore ſhouldeſt thou be conſumed in

ſaying nothing? As it is impoſsible hee ſhould forgette the paſsions which hee endured, ſo it is not credible that hee ſhould not haue cõpaſsion on thee for whome he ſuffered.

O Chriſt, O ſonne of the euerlyuinge God, in goodnes infinite, infinite alſo in greatnes, in power almighty, in wiſdome wonderfull, in iudgment iuſt, in promiſe true

true, in workes holy, in mercie rich, patient toward ſinners, & ſparing when they do repent: call to thy remẽbrance, O ſweet Ieſus, for whoſe ſake thou wert content to endure all the miſeries of mortallitie: hũger, colde, griefe, pouerty, contẽpt, ſcorn, blaſphemies, bandes, blowes, the croſſe, woundes, death, and the graue.

And now, O Lord, where

where is this loue? where are these mercies? is thy goodnesse come to an end? and will thine anger neuer againe be appeased? If I be full of impietie, art thou therfore not full of pittie? & if I cõfesse the one, wilt thou therefore denie the other? if my sins are greater thẽ it is meet, ar thi mercies lesser then they were wont? if thy glorious greatnesse did make mee

me draw backe, wilt thou therefore draw backe thy gracious goodneſſe?

O Lord my God, although I am a ſinner, yet am I thi creature: although I am a ſinner, yet am I redeemed with the bleſſed price of thy blood. O Lord my life, It was no goodneſſe in me that compelled thee to make me, but euen thy loue; it was no merite in me that did

did winne thee to redeeme me, but euen thy mercie: why then ſweet Chriſt and moſt louing Ieſu, let that loue whiche compelled thee to make me, compell thee alſo to help me; let that mercy which did win thee to die for me, win thee alſo to ſaue my life: for thou art alwaies one, neither is thy loue chãged, nor thy mercy diminiſhed.

Heare

Heare me O Lorde, heale mee O Lorde, heale my ſicke ſoule which panteth at thy feete, and is euen at the poynt to periſh: reiect not him whoe deiecteth him ſelfe, let not the abaſing of my ſelfe make mee ſeme baſe vnto thee: enter not into iudgment with thy ſeruant, but accordinge to thy mercies, to the multitude of thy mercies put awaye mine

mine iniquities.

Thinke not on thy hate againſt a ſinner, but think on thy loue towardes thy creature: remember not thy iuſtice where by thou puniſheſt, but remember thy mercy wherby thou ſaueſt: forget mee as I was diſobediēt, prouoking thee to wrath, & regard me as I am diſtreſſed, crying to thee for helpe. Comforte mee that am weake,

weake, heale me that am wounded, raiſe me that am dead: heale the infirmitie which grieueth mee, & thou ſhalt remoue the deformity which offendeth thee: take awaie the wretchednesſe whereof I languiſh, and thou ſhalt take away the lothſõnes which thou abhorreſt: free me from my danger, and thou ſhalte free thy ſelfe from thy diſpleaſure.

O ſweete Lord & moſt mercifull Ieſus Chriſt, wee knowe wherefore thou cameſt into the world, euen to ſeeke and to ſaue that which was loſt: and do not thou O Lord forget that which we, vile wretches, not only know, but ſhal acknowledg, eyther wyth trembling, or els with ioy. Thou cameſt to ſaue that which was loſt, and wilt thou ſee me periſh

periſh, in the view of thy pittifull eies, in the preſence of thy bowels of mercy? Thou cameſt to call ſinners to repẽtance, & wilt thou not heare them when they doe repent? thou cameſt to ſeeke thoſe which wandred, & to aſſemble thoſe which were diſperſed, and wilt thou not receiue thoſe which com vnto thee, which crye after thee, which call vpon

vpon thee?

Thou diddeſt not ſtop thine eares whē thou wert blaſphemed; and wilt thou ſtop them now thou art intreated? thou didſt not turne away thy face from thoſe that ſpat vpon thee and buffeted thee, & wilt thou now turne it away from thoſe that pray vnto thee?

O thou hope of my hart, & ſtrength of my ſoule, whether ſhould

ſhould I run for ſuc-
cour, to whome
ſhould I reſort, but
onely vnto thee, who
art the reconciler, the
redeemer, the Saui-
our of mankinde? O
reconciler, whome
wilt thou reconcile
to thy Father, if thou
reiecteſt a poore ſin-
ner, who condem-
neth himſelfe, & cal-
leth vppon thee? if
death ſhall deuour
him who diſpaireth
in himſelfe, and tru-

ſteth in thee? if that ſoule ſhall bee drowned in hell, which acknowledgeth his owne wickedneſſe with feare, and thy goodneſſe with loue? O redeemer whome haſt thou then redeemed? O Sauiour whome then wilte thou ſaue?

O Chriſt heare mee, O Chriſt helpe mee, or elſe tell mee thy vnwoorthy ſeruaunt, O mercifull God,

God, tel thy ſeruant, to whome ſhall I cry? to whome ſhall I complaine? who is more able to helpe? who more eaſy to be intreated? to whom may I flie more ſafely? to whome more readily? who is more mighty? who more mercifull? where may I bee more bolde? where more ſecure?

O thou onely refuge & reliefe of the diſtreſſed, to whome

no man ſueth without hope of helpe, forſake mee not now I call vpon thee, for before I did call vpon thee, thou diddſt call mee; and to the end that I ſhould ſeeke after thee, thou diddeſt ſeeke out mee. Sweete Ieſus I praiſe thee for this voluntarie guiſt of thy goodnes, O let it not be vnprofitable vntó mee: Finiſh that which thou haſt begun, and

giue

giue mee the thinge which thou haſt moued me to deſire.

Heare my praier, & haue mercie vpon me a forſaken orphane; looke vpon the teares of my miſerie. Haue mercie vpon me, O ſonne of *Dauid*, O fountain of mercie, haue mercie vpon me; let my ſoule be the ſea to ſwallow vp thoſe ſtreames which flow from thee, O foun-

taine of mercy. Heale the diſeaſed, helpe the diſtreſſed which crieth to thee for comfort.

O light, behold the blinde; O ſtrength, ſtretch forth thy hād that the lame may come vnto thee; O life, raiſe the deade out of the ſepulchre of his ſinnes.

O mercifull louer of mankind, ah ſhew thy ſelfe vnto me; reueale thy glorie, reueale thy grace, oh

let me beehold oh let mee hold thee.

Let mee finde, let mee feele, that thou onely art the hope of the diſtreſſed, the reliefe of the afflicted, the comforte, the ſtrength, the ioy of all. O Chriſt, let me not in vaine beleeue this trueth: O Chriſt let mee not in vaine lay hold vpon this hope: O Chriſt, let me not in vaine deſire this mercie.

And if my faith be ſo little, my hope ſo colde, my prayer ſo weake, that I can thereby deſerue, neither pardon of my puniſhment, nor participation of thy glorie; ſupplie thou I beſeech thee my imperfections, that by thy mercy I may obtaine the one, and by thy merites the other.

O Sweete Ieſu, O my God, bring mee from all ontward things

thinges to my ſelfe, and from my ſelfe vnto thee: make mee as like to thee in will and deſier, as I am in nature: ſet me wholly on fire with thy loue; thy ſweete loue, thy longinge loue, thy chaſt loue; with deſire of thee, with contentmente, with ioy, with ſaciety in thee. Let this light of thy loue captiuate my ſences from all other both lightes &

delightes, let it cleere my ſoule from the groſſe vapors of earthly affections; that I may thereby, if not fully ſatiſfie, yet ſhew my ſelfe induſtrious to ſatiſfie thy goodnes and good-will; and that as hetherto I haue liued againſt my ſelfe, and without thee, ſo from henceforth I may leade my life, for my ſelfe, in and by thee, ſweete Ieſus Amen.

Hom.

Hom. II. a.

ἐχθρός γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς αἰδαο πύλῃσιν.
ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ εἴπῃ.

Tam grauis ille mihi nigri quam limina ditis,
Ore aliud qui fert, aliud sub pectore celat.

As dale o' death, so doe I hate that kinde,
Whose tenge from th wght,
w' ose mouth dissent from minde.

Periissem nisi periissem

The II. Deuotion.

The touch of ſinne and the terrors of hell, cauſeth the ſoule to lay hould vpon Gods mercie.

O Soule, O wicked, O wretched ſoul, ſhake off ſloath, this ſleepe, this death of ſinne,

wherin thou walowest, and wherin thou wandereſt: raiſe vp, rowſe vpp thy ſelfe from this dangerous dulnes. Call to thy conſideration (vnhappie creature) from whence thou runneſt, where thou art, and wherto thou haſtneſt: the fauour which thou forſakeſt, the horrour wherein thou abideſt, and the terrour wherto thou tendeſt.

Thou

Thou wert once waſhed cleane with the heauēly fountain in baptiſme, cloathed with the pure robe of righteouſneſſe, endowed wyth the ioies of heauen, and eſpouſed to my Sauiour Chriſt: but now thou haſt ſoiled thy ſelfe with ſinne, defiled that glorious garment, broken thoſe ſacred bandes, and by impuritye of life haſt made thy louing

ſpouſe, both thine earneſt enemie, and ſeuere iudge.

O Chriſt, how can I forget thy goodnes, and yet how dare I remember thy greatneſſe? I haue denied thee with *Peter*, betraied thee with *Iudas*, and runne from thee with thy other diſciples: nay, with the moſt accurſed cruell Iewes, I haue mocked, blaſphemed, buffeted and

ſcour

ſcourged thee; ſpitte vppon thy glorious face, & torne opē thy tēder wounds. Then ſince I haue committed theire crueltie, what hope may I haue to auoide their curſe; that thy bloud be not vpon me, and my poſteritie?

Alas (miſerable wretch) in what path haue I walked? in what pollutions haue I wallowed? & in what perplexities

am I now plunged? wherein, the conſideration both of good and euill tormenteth me alike: of good, with griefe of that which I haue loſt: of euell, partly with ſence of that which I ſuſtaine: and partly with feare of that which I expect. I haue loſt glory, I feele ſhame, I feare puniſhment: the loſſe is by mee irrepairable the ſhame inexcuſable, the

the feare inconſolable. Oh miſerable eſtate, oh vncomfortable, not onely to be depriued of vnſpeakable ioies, but to bee afflicted with intollerable paines.

O ſinne, the defiler, the deformer, the deſtroier of ſoules, from how high a pitch of happineſſe haſt thou deiected me? into how deepe a gulfe of miſeries haſt thou depreſſed mee

mee? with what a world of woes haſt thou encloſed mee? heere woe and there woe, and a very hell of woes is heaped vppon mee.

Iuſtly (Lord) iuſtly am I thus tormented; for I haue beene fainte, yea falſe in the charge that thou haſt committed vnto me: I haue throwne away my ſpirituall weapons; I haue forſaken the fielde of chriſtian com

combate; and not onely cowardly yealded, but traiterouſly turned to the prince of darkneſſe.

I haue caſt off my Sauiour, and caſt away my ſelfe; I haue forſaken the ſocietie of Saintes, & ioyned companie with the damned crew; I haue abãdoned the pallaces of heauẽ, & built mee a neſt in the loathſome denne of hell: I am altogether be-

become an abiect from God and a subiect to the Deuill.

What hast thou done, O madd man, O mischieuous, O monstrous man, what hast thou done? what a wofull exchange hast thou made? what a lamentable losse hast thou incurred? O peruerse will, O miracle of madnes. How, O God, hath corruption depraued mee? how

how O God ſhall ſatisfaction reſtore me?

Caſt thy ſelfe (forlorne wretch) into the vncomfortable dungeon of ſorrow, ouerwhelme thy ſelf with mountaines of bitter mourning: come griefe, come horror, cõe anguiſh, come feare; heape your ſelues vpon me, wrap me in, weigh me downe, I haue impudently contemned you, I haue deſperately

perately prouoked you, and now doe miſerably call for you.

So, ſo, it is iuſt, afflict the wicked, torment the guiltie, reuenge the iniuries, reuenge the periuries which I haue committed againſt God: giue the ſinner a touch of the infernall tortures which hee hath deſerued: giue him a taſt of the banquet which he hath pre-

pared. Comforte, peace, ſecuritie, ioy, keepe away, I will none of you, except you bring a pardone with you: diſquiet ſhallbe my reſt, mourning my mirth, ſowre ſorrowe my comforte.

Alas, how ſhall I preſent my ſelfe before the maieſtie of the moſt righteous and vpright iudge? how ſhall my fearfull face behold him?

how terriblie will he caſt his countenance vpon mee? His eyes farre brighter thē the ſunne, haue narrowly obſerued all my actions, he hath weighed my words, he hath nombred my thoughtes; he hath ſeene, he hath ſealed vp all my ſinnes: hee hath hetherto bin ſilent, hetherto patient; but out alas, hee will one day crie out, one day he will call me

mee to a reckoning for all.

O my hart, O poore harte, O harte full of miſeries, yea depreſſed, yea oppreſſed with manyfold miſeries; neuer able to ſuſtaine theſe firebrandes of conſcience. Alas mine eies are not worthie to looke towardes heauen: yea, they are moſt worthy to bee extinguiſhed with teares. If then I be aſ-

ſhamed to be ſeene, how ſhall I be aſſured to be receiued? if I haue no harte to aſke, what hope can I haue that I ſhall obtaine.

Goe too then O ſinfull ſoule, enter againe into the cloſet of thy conſcience, turne ouer the bookes of thy accountes, caſt thy reckoninges, ſet downe thy ſummes; ſee what thou haſt done, and what thou haſt

haſt deſerued.

Imprimis, for abuſing many creatures, in deſieringe, ſeeking and embraſing them aboue the Creator. *Item*, for blaſpheming. *Item*, for ſwearing. *Item*, for lying. *Item*, for vile and vaine talkinge. *Item*, for couetouſneſſe. *Item*, for cruelty. *Item*, for pride. *Item*, for ambition. *Item*, for riot. *Item*, for gluttony. *Item*, for

drunkennes. *Item*, for lightnes. *Item*, for looſeneſſe. *Item*, for luſt. *Item*, for enuie. *Item*, for hatred *Item*, for anger. *Item* for vnquietneſſe. *Item*, for frowardnes. *Item*, for obſtinacie. *Itẽ*, for raſhnes. *Item*, for violence *Item*, for idlenes. *Item*, for ſloath. *Item*, for hipocriſie. *Item*, for flatterye. *Item*, for curioſitie. *Item*, for detraction. *Item*, for oppreſſion.

Item,

Item, for ſclander, &c.

The totall ſumme is, the manifeſt and manifolde breach of all thy commandementes.

The penaltie is, eternall baniſhmente from thy preſence, & intollerable and endles paines in hell fire.

Out vppon mee wretch, alas what ſhall become of mee? O my Lorde, I know not what to do, I cannot tel what anſwere

to make: and beeing now in extremitye both of danger and feare, my cogitations trouble me, my conſcience tormenteth me, euery thought is athorne vnto mee.

Nay goe on then a little further, looke downe into hell, before thou leape into it; obſerue there who expects thy coming, and what ſhall bee thy entertainment.

O good God, what

what do I behold in this infernal lake, nothing but horror, tumultuous and eternall horrour; fierie chaines, flaming whippes, ſcorchinge darknes, tormenting diuels, and burninge ſoules; howling, roaring and lamenting, woe and alas; with a mad rage blaſpheming God; with a deſperate impatiencie, curſing thẽ ſelues; tearing (in a maner) their

owne ſubſtance, and enuiting the furious fiends to torment them.

Here euerie part of the condemned priſoner hath both a ful and fitte charge of puniſhment, without either intermiſſion or change: the memorie is tormented with pleaſures that are paſt; the vnderſtanding, with ioies that are loſt; the apprehenſion, with paines

paynes that are preſent; and (aboue all) the conſcience is griped with euerie perticular offence that the ſinner hath committed; which once were ſweete, but thē like ſerpents ſhal cruellye and reſtleſſlye gnaw vpon him. Neuer ceaſing to rubbe into his remēbrance, how baſe were the cauſes of his calamity what warninge was giuen, what meanes

were offered him to haue auoided it; how easilie he might, and many times howe neerely he had apprehended the occasion; and yet howe negligently, how fooliſhly, how madly hee continued in his careles course.

Further, the ſight is afflicted with fearfull darknes and vgly diuells, the hearing with horrible and hidious cries, the ſmell

ſmell with poiſonous ſtink, the taſt with bitternes of gall, the feeling with ſharpnes of fire.

A fire, which as nothing doeth feede it, ſo it conſumeth nothing that it doeth burne: a fire, which hath no light to comfort, but heate to tormẽt: a fire, whoſe force ſhall neuer bee either ſpent, or extinguiſhed, or yet abated: but as longe as

God is God, ſo long ſhall it tormente the wicked; and that with ſuch vehemencie of heate, that one droppe of water to bee applied to the ſcorched tongue will bee of greater valuation then a thouſand worldes.

And beſides theſe common tormentes, euerie offender ſhall haue his particulare paines, according to the differenee of his ſinnes

ſinnes, either in qualitie, or in kinde. Of which paines, not onely all, but any one ſhall be ſo grieuous, & ſo intollerable, as it is impoſſible for any mortall wit, either to expreſſe or to imagine. And yet ſhall no creature bee grieued at them; and endured they muſt bee without any hope, FIRST, of intermiſſion; SECONDLY, of abatement; THIRDLY

of change, (without which thinges, not onely painfull, but indifferent, yea pleaſant, become inſupportable;) FOVRTHLY, of comforte, but to the contrarye, the diuelles ſhall vpbrayde them, the damned curſe them, and the Saintes deride them; LASTLY, of end, but after ſo many millions of ages as there are drops of waterin the ſea

ſea, the damned ſhall bee as farre from eyther end or eaſe of their tormentes, as they were the firſt day of their beeginning.

O intollerable puniſhment, which no meanes can moderate, no patience can endure, no time ſhal end: Is this (O Lord) the wages of ſinne? is this the puniſhment of wicked doers, of whome I am one, in

ſo deepe a degree? and is it meruaile then if my cõſcience quake? if my ſoule cleaue with ſighes? and if my eyes bee drowned in teares.

But where am I, and whether am I carried? whether do you driue me, O my ſinnes? whether, O God, doeſt thou deliuer mee? If my ſins haue made mee that I am thy offender, haue they alſo made me

me that I am not thy creature? If the Diuell hath bereaued mee of my puritie, hath hee alſo beereaued thee of thy pittie? If thy iuſtice may rightly damne me, cannot thy mercies poſsiblye ſaue mee? and if I haue deſerued the one, haue I thereby alſo diſclaymed the other?

O mercifull Lord, do not ſo looke vpon me,

mee, that thou ſee not thy ſelfe: regard not ſo my wickedneſſe, that thou beehold not thy owne goodneſſe: remember not ſo the ſinnes that I haue doone, that thou forget the ſubſtaunce which thou haſt made.

What (O Lord) is the ſence of thys ſaying? *I will not the death of a ſinner, but* I *deſire that hee bee converted and liue:* is this

I *will not the death of a ſinner*, if thou reiectest a ſinnefull ſoul, if thou drowneſt it in hell, that crieth vnto thee for mercy? is this I *deſire that hee be conuerted and liue*?

O gracious God, whoſe word is a will, and whoſe will is a power, who doeſt promiſe nothing but that which thou doſt purpoſe, and who doſt purpoſe nothing but that which thou art able

able to performe, ſuffer me I pray thee, to ſpeake with thy mercy; mee, I ſay, earth and aſhes, ſuffer mee to ſpeake with thy mercy, for great are thy mercies towardes vs.

Lord, if thou wilt not the death of a ſinner, what neceſſitye is there that I ſhould bee damned? If thou deſireſt that a ſinner ſhould be conuerted and liue, what difficultie

cultie is there that I ſhould not be ſaued? can the power and malice of the Deuill? can the number, can the enormitie of my offences, either conſtraine that which thou wouldeſt not, or hinder that which thou deſireſt?

No, no, my God, the deuils tremble at thy mightie maieſty: and if the ſinnes of the whole worlde were ballaunced againſt

gainſt the leaſt of thy mercies, they could holde no weighte; much leſſe can the offences of one wicked wretch ſway thy Almighty and mercifull will. For by how much God is greater then man, by ſo much is my wickedneſſe inferiour to thy goodneſſe.

Haue mercy therfore vpon me, O almighty God, returne, deliuer my ſoule,

ſoule, ſaue me for thy mercies ſake: for if thou wilt thou canſt ſaue mee, and in thy will reſteth the ſtrength of my hope.

Remember not thy iuſtice, and my deſertes, but remember thy mercies, and my miſeries: thinke not vpon thy hate towardes offenders, but thinke vpon thy loue towardes thy creatures: caſt thy ſe-

uere eye of reuenge vpon thy ſonne, but looke vpon me with thy eye of pitty.

O deare God, hell is alreadie full, and what profite is there in my diſtructiõ? Alſo many millions of ſinners will neuer come vnto thee, will neuer cal nor care for thy helpe: ſo that if thou reiecteſt the repentant and ſorrowfull ſinner, who then ſhall bee ſaued? and whome

whome wilte thou finde righteous, if thou iudgeſt without mercie?

When I was not, O Lord, thy fingers framed mee, and thou neither hateſt nor contemneſt any thinge that thou haſt made. When I was a captiue of the deuill, a ſlaue of hell, thou dideſt ſend thy beloued ſonne to die for my redemption: and do not now I be-

ſeech thee, caſt that away, which thou h[illegible] purchaſed at ſoe[illegible] a price. When I walked in my owne wicked waies, thou didſt patiently endure me, mightily preſerue me, and graciouſly call mee; and wilt thou not now beeſtow one louinge looke vpon mee?

Why then (O louing God) looke vpon thy beloued ſonne: behold what he

hee hath ſuffered, & of thy goodneſſe call him to thy remembrãce, for whom, thy will & his obedience did cauſe him to ſuffer. Behold his bitter agonies wherein his bodie was ſprinkled with a bloodie ſweate; beeholde his backe torne with whips, his head pricked with thornes, his face defiled with ſpitting: behold his bleſſed body ſo ſtrained

vpon the croſſe, that all his bones might be numbred: behold his harmleſſe handes, & his vndefiled feete pierced with ſharpe nailes: behold his naked ſide ſtrooke through with a ſpeare: behold the aboundance of blood which guſhed forth of thoſe holy fountaines; which blood ſtill ſtreameth freſh in thy ſight, and now pleadeth for my pardon

don.

Beholde (O gracious God) how his feeling was poſſeſſed with paine, his hearing with reproach, his eies with ſcorne, his taſt with gall: beholde howe his neck bowed, his heade hung, his breaſt beat; how his ſight waxed dimme, his countenãce pale, his legs & armes ſtiffe, how hee groaned; how hee gaſped and gaue vp

the ghoſt. Behold the preiſt, behold the ſacrifice, euen the lambe vndefiled, glorioufly imbrued with his owne blood.

Gracious and mercifull God, by this thy ſonne, by this my Sauiour, I moſt humbly beeſeech thee to looke fauourably vpon me; encline thine eares towardes me, hide not thy face now my ſoule is troubled. Graci-

Graciouſlie receiue the loſt ſheepe which ſtrayinge from thy paſtures through ſinne, and flying from thy preſence through a guiltie conſcience, hee hath louinglye ſought, and ioyfullye doth bring vnto thee vpon his own ſhoulders. Heare mee (O God of all power) & turne towardes mee; and let thy mercies accept his merits for full ſatiſfaction of my

misdeedes.

O infinite mercie, thou hast sett vs a way, and giuen vs a light; thou hast threaned vs the paines of hell, and promised vs the ioies of heauen, now pierce my flesh with thy feare, that I may auoide the one; and inflame my soule with thy loue, that I may attain the other. Grante I praye thee, that as longe traueilers are therby taught to loue their owne

cuntrey, ſoe my former errours may henceforth bee a meane to hould mee in the right path: that beeing led by thee, & walking through thee, I may come vnto thee, and reſt in thee: for wee (ſillie wormes) are vnable to enter into thine eternitie, vnleſſe thou who haſt created vs, doeſt guide vs in.

Saue (O God who deſireſt not the

deth of a ſinner) ſaue my ſinnefull ſoule, which flieth frō thy feareful iuſtice, to thy comfortable mercies; from the deſert of my ſinne, to the deſert of thy Sonne. This (O God is eaſie to thy power, and vſuall to thy mercie, and agreeable to thy will

Such

Such are the witleſſe wilfull,
right, as is the heedles flie,
Which kils it ſelfe, & hurtes
his ſight that hath her in
his eie.

Sperate miſeri; Cauete
fælices.

The death of Saintes is precious. *Psal.*

Miserable is the death of Sinners. *Psal* 33.

The III. Deuotion.

The guiltines of ſinne, and the conſideration of Death, calleth the ſinner to call vpon God, for his mercy in Ieſu Chriſt.

O Moſt high, moſt holye, moſte mightye, moſt mercifull, moſt good

good, moſt goodly, moſt louinge, moſt fearefull and terrible God; the Creator, the renuer, the maintainer of all thinges: whome to know, is to bee wiſe; whome to ſerue, is to raigne; whome to loue, is the life and happineſſe of the ſoule: behold, I pore wretch, to thee who art both rich, and liberall; I miſerable, to thee who art both pitti-

full

full and plentifull do draw neere: behold, a hunger-ſtarued begger knocketh at thy doore; open vnto mee, O honourable houſeholder, without whome all aboundance is beggerie; open, I ſay, thy mercies to my miſeries: and although I am not worthy to ſitte at thy feaſt with thy ſons, yet with the baſeſt of thy ſeruantes, let me be

bee refreſhed with ſome broken pieces that are taken from thy table.

Thou haſt commaunded vs, (O gracious God) to knock, to aske, and to ſeeke: whereuppon thou haſt promiſed to open, to geue, and to bee founde: beholde now my ſighinge doth ſeeke thee, my teares crie vnto thee, and the groanes of my payned ſoule, do knocke

knocke at the gate of thy mercies: behold, Lord, I am deſirous to doe thy will, performe thou, I beſech thee, thy word.

And firſt (O Lorde) I acknowledge againſt my ſelfe, that I was conceiued in iniquitie, and borne in miſerie; but thou of thy free loue diddeſt cleanſe mee, thou diddeſt ſanctifie me, thou didſt through faith

faith on my part and mercy on thyne betroath thy ſelfe vnto me.

Yet I, vnmindfull of ſo greate goodnes, haue ſince, with many a foule fact, diſtained my ſelfe, and diſhonored thee; not dreading thy diſpleaſure, whoſe wrath maketh the deuells to quake. I was borne in neceſſary, but I plũged my ſelfe in voluntarie ſinnes, I made no conſcience

in offending thee, & feared not to forgett thy lawe.

Notwithſtandinge thou, accordinge to thy wonted mercies, diddeſt not baniſh mee from thy protection; but as though I had daylye and duly obſerued thy will, thou diddeſt bountifullye heape thy benifites vppon mee; ſo much vndeſerued of mee, as not deſired.

When

When I ſinned againſt thee, the deuill was readie to haue made a pray of mee, I was content, I was deſirous to haue periſhed with him: but thou (O Lord) diddeſt driue backe him, and draw backe me; not onely without either my requeſt or knowledge, but very much againſt my mind.

When I was in daunger of death, both

both by ſickeneſſe & caſualties, and my ſoule was ſo rocked a ſleepe in ſinnefull ſecuritie, ſo burdened with the weight of wicked actions, that it muſt needes haue ſuncke downe into hell; thy grace ſtoode by mee, thy power did preſerue, both my body from death, and my ſoule from damnation.

I did offend thee, but thou diddeſt defend

fend mee: I did deſerue death, but thou diddeſt preſerue life; I did not regard thee, when thou diddeſt ſafely guard mee: I (like a wretch eyther ſenceleſſe or deſperate) did forſake thee, and flie vnto mine enemie; I did long, I did labour to haue bene loſt: but thy care did keepe mee, whileſt I buſied in vayne thinges neuer marked ſo much; thy loue

loue did ſeeke with very greate and gracious fauours to win mee vnto thee.

But as one that is ſicke of a ſleepie diſeaſe cannot bee awaked but by pinching; ſoe out of this lethargie of ſinne, my ſleepy ſoule (neither vnworthie nor vnwilling to haue periſhed) could not be called to it ſelfe, but by ſome ſharpe and ſen-

ſible accident.

Heereupon thou beganneſt to runne with me a more rugged race, laying many kind croſſes vpon mee; not onelye to bend my vnwilling, but to breake my wilfull minde, and to make it appliable to thy pleaſure. Thou diddeſt call mee out of the wilderneſſe of worldlye delightes, wherin my guiltines would haue hid it ſelfe

ſelfe from thy preſence; thou diddeſt compell mee out of the high way to hell; thou diddeſt take me vpp ſtrayinge in the ſtreetes to attend vpon thee; thou diddeſt enter couenant with thy ſeruãt, thou diddeſt ſtirre in mee a deſire, & ſtrengthen, an indeuour to follow thee: thou diddeſt inſtruct, thou diddeſt enable, both my vnderſtandinge,

and alſo my power; that to diſcerne, this in ſome degree of duty to do thy will.

Yet I (wretch that I am) ſince my entrance into thy ſeruice; haue either vngraciouſly forgottē, or vngratfullye remembred all thy benifites, and haue not ſo eſteemed thee for them, as I would haue done a mortall friend for a few curtiſies of courſe. I haue forſa-

forsaken thee againe, and followed the right trace of the vnrighteous world; thinking euery thing good whose euell I had not tried. I haue prouoked thee, I haue stirred vp thine anger, I haue deserued thy displeasure, I haue done euell in thy sight; not ignorãtly but presumptuously; not weakly but wilfully; not fearfully, but impudently

hauing not onely loſt the tender touch of conſcience, but beeginning to beare my ſelfe (an offence beeyond the degree of my vile word) in a brauerie of euell.

Alas how deepely hath corruption tainted my ſoule? what folly hath not had his ſeate in my mind, and left his footſteps in my actions? Nay, I haue farre exceeded the limites of follye; no

noe man not baniſh-
ed from his owne
wittes, would thus
haue bin entrapped,
thus entangled. I
ſhould haue repen-
ted mee of my for-
mer ſinnes, but I
haue in ſuch ſorte
both encreaſed & ag-
grauated thē; that I
haue ſcarce left, ey-
ther number for
more, or place for
worſe.

O my God, what
anſwere ſhal I make?

how ſhall I eyther excuſe, or extenuate this my relapſe? ſhall I pretend the ſlie ſubtelties of the deuell; the fair-faced ſhewes of the worlde? the pleaſant perſwaſions of the fleſh? *the woman gaue it me, the ſerpente deceined mee?* Tuſh, all theſe are baites for babes; but I was come to a greater ſtaiedneſſe, both age, & in experience; I was warned, I was weape

weapened; I was inſtructed, I was encouraged; I ſhoulde haue vſed more waines to ſuſpect, more wiſdom to diſcerne, more valure, both to defend my ſelfe, and defeat mine enemie.

Noe ſure, I will neuer excuſe him whome his owne conſcience condemneth: I had thy expreſſe word and will to ſtop me; my owne knowledge to bridle

mee; I would haue diſalowed thoſe thinges that I did, if any other had done them but my ſelfe. When a mans memorie is the bill of his debt, when his thoughts are willing wytneſſes agaynſte him, when his feare is his goaler, when his iudgment is his iudg, when his owne knowledg conuenteth him, there is little doubt either of de-

denying or deceiuing credite, and much leſſe of making eſcape.

I, I, it is euen I that haue broken couenant with thee; I haue abuſed my reaſon, rather why to do amiſſe, then howe to amend; I haue falſified my faith; I haue riotouſly runne after the vaine conceits or rather deceits of ſin; whoſe kindeſt courteſies are the allure-

mentes of miſcheife; which like a be-mired dogge, defileth with fawning; whoſe kiſſes are of power to kill.

I haue receiued manye freſhe woundes, I haue renued all my oulde ſoares, and what thou (O Lorde) by thy mercies haddeſt healed, I by my madnes haue rubbed open; in ſoe much as ſinne vſed agayne, hath

hath made the pardone once granted to bee of none effect. I may well ſay with *Iudas, I haue ſinned*; but either name or number my ſinnes I cannot.

O bottomleſſe ſea of miſerie and ſorrowe, wherin I haue plunged my ſelfe, allwaies ſinckinge, & yet by the infinitneſſe thereof neuer at the bottome; which I am able, neither to a-

bide; hauing the fire-brandes of all furies within me, nor yet to auoide, beeing fettered therein with the cruell chaines of my owne feare.

Oh my ſoule, full of wretchednesse, ful of ſhame, but fulleſt of guiltines, accept no obiect but of ſorrowe; drawe greedely into thy minde all conceites that maye increaſe thy griefe: bee aſhamed, nay abhorre

horre to think of any comforte. Loath thy ſelfe, torment thy ſelfe, and ſoe ſhall thou doe ſome thing well; for thou canſt neither loath nor torment a more curſed creature.

Alas, howe is my ſoule abandoned? how are all the powers thereof layd waſt? comforte is no more eaſe vnto me, then is the handlinge of ſore woundes. I am deui-

ded in my ſelfe, how can I ſtand? I am ouerthrowne in my ſelfe, how ſhall I riſe? my deſire is payned becauſe it cannot hope, and if it hath any ſparke of hope, it is rather in change then riddance of griefe.

Forlorne wretch that I am, it had bin better for mee neuer to haue bin conuerted to grace, then thus peruerſly to bee diuer-

diuerted from the ſame; for then I ſhould haue gon on in a ſober ſecuritie, and my puniſhment ſhould haue bin ſoe much the leſſe, as ignorance is beneath contempt: but nowe I am not onely vnhappie, but vnhappy after the falle from ſome degree of happineſſe; nowe the footeſtepps of ouertroden vertue laye cruell accuſations a-

gainſt mee, and make the hatefull compariſon of vice more manifeſt. miſerable are they whoe loſe they wott not what, but more miſerable are they whoe knowe what they loſe.

O fooliſh reaſon, how ſharpe art thou to ſee thy miſchiefe, and yet how dimme, how blinde art thou to foreſee it? O poore remnant of pietie; onely

onely ſoe much goodnes left, as to make me languiſh in my owne euell.

O ſinne, the onlye fall of my iudgment and ſtaine of my cõſcience, now thou haſt ſacked my ſoule, now thou haſt beaten it downe vnder thy tiranny, reſt thy ſelfe, forbeare a while, treade not vpon my ruins, ſet not fire to thine owne ſpoiles. And yet not ſoe

ſo; but do thy worſt, cruell and curſed ſinne, do euen the verie worſt that thou canſt: the more terrours thou executeſt vppon mee, the more ſhall I both loath and lament the ſeruice that I haue done thee; the ſooner ſhall I ſeeke to drawe my deſires out of the mire of thy ſubiection.

There is yet left, both time to repent, and

and occaſion to amend; yet doeth Chriſt, not only admit but inuite to his feaſt: I coulde neyther ſee nor ſorrowe for my ſinnes, did not he both enlighten my vnderſtanding, and ſoften my ſences. Hee hath not enlightened my vnderſtandinge to drowne it in darknes; he hath not ſoftned my ſences becauſe he could not breake them

them; and why then hath hee thus wakened the one, and weakened the other.

It is euen ſoe: hee that hath hetherto in patience expected mee, doeth now in pittie call me. Speake then (Lord) ſpeake vnto thy ſeruant; thunder into the inner eare of my harte; breake my deafeneſſe that I may heare thy voice. Lorde, thou lookeſt for mine

mine amendmente that I may haue thy fauour; and I looke for thy fauour that I may amende.

Woe is mee, how longe haue I ſtaied? Alas how late doe I come? how ſlowlye doe I haſten? howe doeth my reſolution ſtick betweene loathneſſe and neceſſitie? woe is me wretch, how cunningly doth the deuell ſeeke to delay mee? what arte hath

hath he vſed to keepe the line from breaking wherat the fiſh was caught; not drawing him violently, but letting him play vpon the hooke which hee ſoe greedely had ſwallowed.

O my God, the ſunne of my life hath paſſed his Meridian, and I am now in the after noone of my age; the night of nature will come faſt vpon mee, when death

death (as Gods ſer-
geant) will arreſt, my
bodie vpon debt to
nature her ſelfe, my
ſoule vpon treſpaſſe
committed againſt
God. The one hee
will binde hand and
foote, and committe
cloſe priſoner to the
graue: the other he
will arraigne in the
high court of hea-
uen, where God
ſhall bee both partie
and iudge, to aun-
ſweare to all obiecti-

ons, as well of errour as of contempt.

At this houre of death, when the ſinnfull ſoule beginneth to bee looſed from the fetters of fleſh, O good God, howe is it troubled? what terrours are preſented vnto it? Then beginneth it to throwe the thoughtes freely into euery corner of the conſcience; to ſee the ſinnes which it hath done; to perceiue

ceiue the vengeance that it hath deſerued; to conſider, that the time of repentance is then at an end, and that it is ſet vpon the immoueable pointe of paſſage to a moſt ſtricte triall, vncertaine howe the beſt actions that it hath done ſhall bee examined.

It is deſirous to ſtay, it is compelled to goe: and as it often happeneth, that

whileſt one thinketh too much of dooing, he leaueth to doe the effect of his thinking; ſoe whileſt it lamenteth the loſſe of all the time that is paſt, it looſeth that little which then remaineth.

Looking backe, it eſteemeth the whole race which it hath runne, as a ſhort ſteppe; looking forward, it beholdeth the infinite ſpace of

of eternytie wherin it hath to continue; lifting vp the minde to heauen, it diſcouereth a moſt bright & beautifull glorie; againe, caſtinge it downe vpon the earth, it ſeeth all thinges enfoulded in a miſtie darkneſſe. Heereupon, a new ſwarme of thoughts ſtingeth the minde; It lamenteth, that it was ſoe chained with the enchauntmentes

of a momentanie eſtate, as ſcarce to thinke vpon the condition which neuer ſhall haue end; that to ſatiſfie the fleſh, which is to be a neſt of wormes, it hath neglected the ſpirite, which was to haue bin a companion of Angells; that it hath loſt, for ſoe ſhort a ſhewe, the eternall ſubſtance of pleaſure; that it hath exchanged, the treaſure

ſure of immortall glorie for the traſh of floating vanitie.

O, if it had but a ſmal time more of amendment, how ſeriouſly would it conuerte? what a ſharpe and ſeuere courſe would it ſet into? but it is like vnto a horſe, deſirous to runne, & miſerably ſpurred, but ſoe ſhort reined that hee cannot ſtirre: or like vnto thoſe who in their dreames are

taken with ſome fearfull viſion, which ſweate with payne, and ſtriue to crie for helpe, but cannot finde any ſtrength to crie.

In the meane time, the head ſhooteth, the back aketh, the hart panteth, the throate ruttleth, the tongue faultreth, the breath ſhortneth, the fleſh trembleth, the veines beate, the hart ſtringes crack; the eyes

eyes wex dimme, the noſe ſharpe, the browes harde, the cheekes colde and wanne, the lippes pale, the handes numme, the iointes ſtiffe; the whole bodie is in a colde ſweat, the ſtrength fainting, the life vaniſhed, and death drawing on. Neither will the children and friendes (for whoſe ſake the ſick ſhall often thinke them

ſelues damned) forbeare in this inſtant of extremitie; but continually like fleſh flies they will offer moleſtation.

Whilſt theſe ſummoners of death doe execute their office, all the wicked actions, wordes and thoughts are broght into preſence; they are heaped together, and aggrauated to the vttermoſt; they giue the conſcience many

many a colde pull, and lie vpon the hart as heavie as leade. Faine would the ſinner turne away his eye, but hee ſhall bee compelled to behold them; they will all crie vnto him; wee are thy workes, wee will goe with thee.

Then ſhall the conſcience ſharplye accuſe, the memory giue bitter euidence, reaſon ſhall ſit as iudge, feare ſhall

ſtand as executioner; and ſcarce is there any ſeuere ſentence in all the bible againſt ſinne, which the deuell will not bring into minde, vrging euery poynt and amplifying it by conſtruction. Then will reſolution bee turned to trembling, pride into baſeneſſe, confidence into deſpaire. Then will bee a greate difference in iudgment from that

that which men beare commonly in this worlde, in ſoe much as the ſinner ſhall be forced to cry and confeſſe; *we ſimple men thought their life to be but madneſſe, whoſe end wee now eſteeme moſt honourable: but wee haue wearied our ſelues in craggye waies, wee are worne out in purſuing vanity, and the waies of the Lorde wee haue not knowne.*

Neuer did tirant exerciſe his rage with greatet cruelty, vpon anye thar hee moſt hated, then the miſerable ſinner ſhall then vpon him ſelfe; in iuſtly condemninge, in vainly acknowledging, in vnprofitably lamenting the errours of his actions; whileſt the paines of parting ſhall drawe the powers of the minde from true repentance

tance. All vaine pleaſures are then at an end, and as quite forgotten as if they had neuer bin at all. Yea, euery wicked delighte ſhall geue ſharp twitches to the ſoule; eſpecially whē it conſidereth, that it is to endure the ſmart for manye thinges, wherof it muſt leaue the pleſure to others.

Somtimes the ſinner, more able to abide death then the

feare of death, wiſh-
eth to bee diſchar-
ged, from beeinge
guided by ſoe euell
a ſoule; not in full
hope that his tor-
mentes ſhall thereby
either end or abate;
but according to the
nature of greife, the
preſent being moſt
painfull, hee deſireth
to chang, and to put
in aduenture the en-
ſuing. But when
he doth perceiue in-
finite legions of de-
uells

uells prepared to receiue him, and the horrours of hell open for his entertainment, then is hee in a maze of amazement; then like one that houldeth a wolfe by the eare, bitten whileſt hee holdeth, and ſlaine when hee lett goe.

Well then, (ſecure and ſenceleſſe ſoule) howſoeuer the deuell woulde beare thee in hande,

as hee did thy firſt parentes, that *thou ſhalt not die*: yet aſſure thy ſelfe this heauie houre, this fearfull, this dangerous, this vnauoidable paſſage is not farre from thee, euen in the fardeſt and faireſt courſe of nature; and may bee euerye houre, by many vſuall accidentes, both of violence and of ſickneſſe. Thy continuance is onely certayne

taine in vncertaintie; and God would haue the time vnknowne, becauſe thou ſhouldeſt bee allwayes readie.

Awake therfore, and watch ouer thy ſelfe; looke vpon the pale horſe, and him that ſitteth thereon, whoſe name is Death; prouide that thou be not ſodainely ſurpriſed, and die before thou beginne to liue. Looſe not the

the offer of occaſion, whileſt it may not onely bee taken, but offereth, yea ſueth to bee taken; and if it be not now taken, will neuer heereafter be ouertaken.

Chriſt yet diſtributeth the treaſures of hys mercye, the doore ſtandeth yet open, to all that will bee ſuiters for the ſame; his nature is nowe as apte to forgeue, as hys power will

will be able hereafter to puniſh. The kings of Iſraell were not ſo famous for their mercy among the ſeruauntes of *Abinadab*, as the God is among vs. When thou didſt ſinne, hee did ſpare; when thou didſt deferre, he did expect; when thou ſhalt returne he will ẽbrace. The bowelles of his mercie doe ſtill ouerflowe, neyther wante their iſſues to de-

deriue the ſtreames thereof into thy ſoule: his backe was torne, hys handes and feete were pierced, hys ſide was opened: throughe theſe holes thou maiſt ſee the aboundaunce of his loue, at theſe holy holes thou maiſt taſte the ſweeteneſſe of hys mercy.

Preſent thy ſelfe therefore vnto him in all thoſe humble be-

behauiours, which the conſideration of his maieſtie and thy miſerie can poſsibly frame; be penitent for the time paſt, and reſolue for the time to come; and with as greate confidence as neceſsitie crye vnto him and ſay.

O Chriſt, O eternall light, O life of all thinges, to whom nothing is ſoe greate that it can reſiſt, nothinge ſoe ſmall that it

it is contemptible; whom no man is ſoe good that he doth not neede, noe man ſoe euell that he may not hope; I beſeech thee; by the nobleſt title that in my greateſt affliction I can geue my ſelfe, that I am thy creature; and by thy onely name of comfort vnto ſinners, that thou art mercifull; heare my vile voyce, helpe my diſtreſſed ſoule, and

in the

in the time of neceſſitie and trouble bee gracious vnto me.

Behold (O Lord) howe my conſcience lyeth queaſomed vnder the multitude of my offences; behold how I am borne downe wyth the weight of my owne weakeneſſe: and doe not thou, whoſe propertie is not onely to ſpare, but to helpe, eyther lighten the burthen, or lay vn-

der thy heauenlye hand, my ſoule muſt needes ſincke downe into hell.

But thou (O Lord) haſt neither delight nor likinge in the death of ſinners; thou didſt dy to raiſe vs vp from the death of ſin. O good Ieſu, thou diddeſt redeeme vs when wee were thine enemies, and ſhall wee bee deſtroied now wee are thy ſuppliantes? thou

thou diddeſt call vs to mercie when wee craued none, and wilt thou denye vs now we are ſuiters for it? through thy death wee were brought vnto life, and ſhall we dy now thou doeſt liue? O thou whoe helpeſt the weake with a worde, behonlde, I come, I call, I looke for thy mercie; hide not thy face, ſtoppe not thine eare, caſt

mee not out of thy regarde: let it ſuffice that I feel mine own weakneſſe and want, leaſt I ſhould haue beene too proud in my ſelfe; now let thy power and plentye appeare, that thereby I may bee confident in thee.

O Chriſt, the guide of thoſe that ſeeke thee, the light of thoſe that ſee thee, and the life of thoſe that loue thee; O

ſweete Sauiour, what ſhall I ſay? whether ſhall I goe? where ſhall I ſeeke thee? or wherefore doe I not ſee thee? O my God, if thou bee abſent from mee, where ſhall I ſeeeke thee? if in all places thou art preſent, wherefore doe I not ſee thee?

O infinite goodneſſe, paſſing all humane both ſearch and ſight, thou both

filleſt and includeſt all thinges; thou art in euerie place preſent without either ſeate or motion; giue mee grace for thy loue and deſires ſake I beeſeech thee, to caſt off the blinde burthen of fleſhlye affections; ſubdue my reaſon, regenerate my will, and purifie my nature; lead my deſire that I may ſeeke thee; lighten my vnderſtandinge that

that I may ſee thee: for I can neither ſeeke thee without thou direct mee, nor ſee thee except thou reueale thy ſelfe.

Gracious God, I haue noe goodneſſe in my ſelfe, but onely to finde that I haue no goodneſſe: like a ſcholler, who is come to that degree of knowledge, to knowe him ſelfe vtterly ignorante: but ſuffer (I beſeech

thee) ſome beutifull beame of thy maieſtie to ſhine into my ſoule, diſperſe the cloudes wherwith my conſcience is ouercaſt, melt the miſtie darkneſſe which couereth my vnderſtanding. O thou who ſaydeſt *let there be light*, and light was made; ſpeake the worde and my ſoule ſhall bee enlightened, that I may playnly ſee thee

thee, and perfectly knowe thee, and ardently both deſire and loue thee.

O ſurpaſſinge light, deliuer mee from the ſhadow both of ignorance and errour, and conſequently from the darkeneſſe of death; ſwallow me vp in the depth of thy brightneſſe; dazell my eyes, that I maye not bee able to ſee anything but thee;

possesse all my bodily sences, that my sinnefull affections, or rather defections may finde no place, but that I maye soe feele thee, that I haue noe feelinge of my selfe.

O Lord of life, allthough I am a sinner, yet I am thy creature, beecause thou hast made mee, yea and made me againe; both by redeeming, and by often renuing

ing mee: helpe mee therefore whome of thy goodneſſe thou haſt faſhioned, let mee not periſh in my miſerie whom of thy mercie thou haſt redeemed, gouerne mee hereafter whome hetherto thou haſt preſerued; deſpiſe not (O Lord) the worke of thine owne handes. For wherfore haſt thou created mee? becauſe thou wouldeſt

damne mee? It had bin better for mee neuer to haue bin made, then to bee confounded in my owne corruption. Liſten (O Lord) to the crie of thy poore Orphane; caſt mee not off in thy diſpleaſure, and my diſtreſſe; forſake mee not, for thy ſake, I beeſeech thee.

And although I haue in ſuch ſorte, both defiled and defaced

faced this thy creature, that thou mayeſt iuſtly refuſe to take knowledge of mee; yet by thy mercies I pray thee, wherein thou art more wonderfull then in all thy workes, remoue the one, and renue the other; rubbe out with thy bloode the ſtaines which ſticke in my ſoule and then thou wilt knowe it, to bee thy creature.

O Lord my God, at whoſe preſence all powers doe ſhake, at whoſe becke all creatures obey, looke fauourably vpon me from thy glorious ſeate; let thy maieſtie ſhine vnto mee through thy mercie: bee not angrye with vs (wormiſh weakelinges) although we offend, for thou knoweſt what wee are, and whereof we are made. Is not man

man rottenneſſe? are not his deſires vanitie? is not his life miſerie, and a verye ſhadowe of death? wilt thou ſhewe thy ſtrength againſt a worme? againſt a leafe? againſt a blaſt? O thou who granteſt truce of life, there are but twoe pleas before thy throne, either of innocencie, or els of mercie: I doe cleerely debarre my ſelues of the one,

oh let my ſoule runne into the armes of the other.

Haue mercie vpon mee O gracious God, haue mercy vp on mee, a moſt wretched creature; deale not with mee according to my deſertes, but according to the greatneſſe of thy mercie, which is infinitely more then the ſinnes of the whole world.

O almighty God, from

from whoſe ſight there is noe couert, and againſt whoſe power ther is, neither reſiſtance nor flight, looke not vpon mee with thy eie of iuſtice, drawe not thy ſworde of vengence againſt mee; but extend that compaſſion, which thou haſt ſoe graciouſly, ſoe decrelye purchaſed for mee.

I acknowledge indeede, that amonge

all, and aboue all ſinners, I am wretched; I acknowledge alſo that I am vnable to ſatisfie for my ſinnes: but (O ſonne of God) beehold that in thy ſelfe, which may moue thee to haue compaſsion vppon mee. Soe often as thou beehouldeſt the woundes of thy bruiſed bodie, ſoe often let pittie pierce thy harte: Soe often as

as thou beholdeſt the bleſſed ſtreames of thy bloode, wher-of one droppe had bin ſufficient for re-demption of the whole worlde, ſoe often couer my ſinnes, and recouer mee.

Forgiue my igno-rance, forget my preſumption, par-done my iniquities, relieue my neceſsi-ties; let my ſinnes no longer bee a cloude be-

betweene my prayer and thy pittie, betweene thy goodneſſe and my diſtreſſe. moſt gracious God, who art mercifull towardes all, ſuffer not mee to bee diſtitute of thy mercie: for although I haue committed that wherby I maye bee damned, yet haſt thou neither forgone, nor forgotten that wherby thou art wout to ſaue.

O

O wretch that I am, how coldly doe I crie? how weakly doe I craue? woe is me wretch, how is my harte hardened, that mine eies doe not poure forth plentie of teares? how ſenceleſſe is my vncleane ſoule, that my fleſh tremble not, that my iointes doe not ſhake vntill my knees knocke together? But wherefore do I expoſtulate with a dead carcaſe? Alaſſe,

I am nothinge but vanitie; a rotten roote, without anye life of vertue; a barren grounde, bringing forth nothinge but ſinne, ſhame and damnation: I am vnable, either to giue thee any thing but of thine owne goodes; or to doe any thinge for my ſelfe, but by thy free guiſte.

Wherefore, O ſweete ſauiour, by thy tender loue, and by

by all thy mercies I beeſeech thee, giue mee grace, that with thy goodes and by thy guiftes, I may ſerue thee, and ſorrowe for my ſinnes; giue mee alſoe a floude of teares in token of thy fauour, that I may ſweetlye poure them beefore thy preſence, with greate reuerence and feare, in bewailinge mine offences. Mollifie my ſtonie harte, illu-

illuminate my miſtie minde; ſubdue my fleſh to my ſoule, my ſoule vnto reaſon, my reaſon to faith; let mee ioie only in enioyinge thee, in whome, deſire neuer wanteth ſacietie, and ſacietie néuer breede diſlike.

Come thou into mee, that I may remaine in thee; ſhake off theſe ſhackles, free me from this weight of fleſhly affections that

that leauing and loathing all earthlye deſires, I may firmelye reſolue, ſpeedely beginne, and conſtantlye continue, in dooinge and ſufferinge thy holy will.

Poure vpō my hart the ſweete ſtremes of thy grace, that thereby my affectiōs may be framed, to honour thee as a Creator, to loue thee as a redeemer, to expect thee as a Sauiour, & to feare

as a iudge. Let mee allwaies bee humbled beefore thee, and neuer bee high minded, but onelye in mindinge thinges on high.

Write thy name with thy owne finger within the tables of my breaſt, neuer to be either ſhadowed or worne out; that I may continually feede my hungry ho[illegible], with ſtedfaſt remembrance and

and regard of thee: for firmly to remember, & reuerently to regard thee, is our mortall manner both of holdinge and beeholding thee.

Let the firie force of thy loue ſwallow vp my ſoule, that being altogether poſſeſſed therwith, it may neither feele, nor deſire, nor once thinke vpō any erthly thing; but bee alwaies and onely, not onelye ioined

but vnited to thee: for as thy goodneſſe towardes vs is vnmeaſurable and infinite ſoe wee are bound to loue thee without either meaſure or end.

Lorde, my whole deſire is before thee, and my thoughtes are not ſecret from thy ſight; turne not thy countenance from my complaint; heare mee, O my God, and grant my pe-

petion; grant my petion, that thou mayſt heare mee.

Reach mee thy helping hande, draw my ſoule out of the mire of ſinne wherin it is faſt ſet, that I periſh not in the preſence of thy pittie. Deliuer mee frō the ſnares that th'enemy hath laid, to take the ſouls of ſinners ether willfull, or ſecure; cutt away occſions of euell beefore mee;

guide mee vnto thee the ſtreighteſt courſe; and ſoe long as I am to continue in this vile vale of miſerie, ſettle mee in that ſtate of life wherein I may beſt pleaſe thee and pleaſure others.

Giue mee grace, O gracious God, that although I haue hetherto had noe care to liue well, yet nowe I may wholly and holyly bend my care

care to die well; that from henceforth I may liue in thy feare, die in thy ſauour, reſt in thy peace, riſe in thy power, and remaine in thy ioie. Amen.

Nec pudet viuere,
nec piget mori.

Call vpon mee in the day of tribulation. I will deliuer thee, and thou ſhalt praiſe mee. Pſal. 50.

The IIII. Deuotion.

A Thankesgiuing, intermixt with confession and prayer,

O Lorde Iesus, infinite in pitie, infinite in power, infiite allsoe both in thy rewards, and in thy reuenge: I am weakly

(thou knowest) rather willing then desirous, with my soule to loue thee, with my flesh to feare thee, with my minde to honor thee, with my mouth to praise thee, with my whole substance to serue thee, to commend my whole substance vnto thy protection. But alas, I am soe clogged with corruption, I am soe drowned in flesh

and

and bloud, that I ſcarce either dare or can lift vp my head, and looke vnto thee: and yet why ſhould I bee aſhamed when thou doeſt inuite mee? why ſhould I bee faint when thou doeſt not onely incourage, but alſoe enable mee, or at the leaſt accept my weake endeuour?

Striue then, O the verie bowels of my ſoule, ſtriue with

all your ſtrength to raiſe your thoughtes, out of this mire of mortallitie wherein they ſticke, out of theſe waues of fleſhly affections wherein they floate, without either firme footinge or certaine drift. Aduance thy ſelfe towardes thy creator, Frame thy affections, to loue him for his goodnes, to honour him for greatnes, to reioice in him for

for his merites, to pray vnto him for his mercies, which daylye thou doeſt neede, and by needing doeſt craue, and by crauing doeſt obtaine; if not according to thy deſires, yet verye farre aboue thy deſerts.

O Lord, I confeſſe vnto thee, that my harte is vncleane, and that I am a man of polluted lippes; wallowing in the

dunge, and ſtinkinge in the rottenneſſe of my owne ſinne: ſoe that I may iuſtlye tremble to appeare before thy glorious preſonce, much more to preſent vnto thee thy pure prayſes out of my defiled mouth. But who except thou (O Lorde) can make mee cleane, and what is pure which thou haſt not purged?

Thee therefore, O Father

Father of life, O Lord of light, thee with all the forces of my ſonle, thee moſt humbly, moſt earneſtly I do beſeech; heare O mercifull, helpe O myghtye Lord, helpe thy ſeruant whome of thy mercie thou haſt created: clenſe my filthynes, lighten my darknes, enflame my coldenes, quicken my dulnes, awake my drowſines,

reuiue my deadnes; repaire the ruines of my ſoule, enlarge the frame of the vnderſtanding thereof, clenſe it from all earthly corruption, garniſh it with thy heauenly graces, that it may bee conueniently both fit and furniſhed to receiue thee; that thou maiſt make thine entrie, & poſſeſſe that which is thine owne, both by creation, & alſo by redemption;

demption; and that as thou art exalted aboue all creatures, ſoe aboue all creatures I may honour thee, loue thee, and praiſe thee; not with that affection wherewith my weakeneſſe is able, either to doe or to deſier; but with that perfection wherewith in dutie I ſhould, and wherewith thy Saintes and angells indeede doe. O giuer of life, O

reſtorer, O preſer-
uer, O enlightner of
life; O moſt louinge
and louely Lorde.
But what ſhall I ſay?
where ſhall I finde
full praiſes to extoll
thee? my ſpeach fal-
treth, and my ſpirit
faileth; my tongue
can applie no fitting
wordes, neither can
my minde ſupplye
ſufficient matter: I
want wordes to ex-
preſſe my minde, I
want alſoe a minde
to

to apprehende thy merites: I conceiue farre aboue the abilitie of my vtterance, and yet farre vnder the dignitie of thy deſertes.

Lord, my ſoule is deſirous to yeelde praiſes to thee for thy benefites, but it is vnable to conceiue that which is worthy, and vnwilling to vtter that which is vnworthy; it is aſhamed to ſende forth

wordes

woordes, knowinge how weake they are for ſoe weightie an office. without thy preſence it can neuer attaine to any degree of thy praiſe: let it therefore haue thee (O Lorde) that it may in ſome meaſure praiſe thee.

For what worthy praiſe can I giue vnto thee, by whoſe goodnes I was created, by whoſe mercie I was redeemed, by

by whoſe power I am preſerued, and by whoſe grace I looke to bee glorified? when I was not, thou diddeſt make mee; when I was loſt and forlorne, thou cameſt downe, and tookeſt mortallitie vpon thee to redeeme mee: thou a King, diddeſt humble thy ſelfe to exalt mee; thou wert ſould to redeem mee; thou wert wounded to

heale

heale mee; and thou diddeſt dye to ſaue mee.

O ſonne of God, how haſt thou abaſed thy ſelfe? how were thy affections inflamed? how large were the limits of thy mercie? Lorde, thou haſt loued mee more then thy ſelfe, becauſe for my ſake thou wouldeſt endure, not onely a contemptible life, but both a ſhamefull

and

and painfull death.

And yet did not thy loue in this ſorte leaue mee, but thou haſt continuallye ſoe followed mee with thy fauours, as though thou haddeſt regarded mee alone, and neglected all thy other creatures.

When I wandred thou diddeſt ſeeke mee, when I was ignorant thou diddeſt inſtruct mee, when I offended thou

thou diddeſt correct mee, when I ſorrowed thou diddeſt comforte mee, when I ſtumbled thou diddeſt ſtay mee, when I fell thou diddeſt raiſe mee, when I ſtoode thou diddeſt ſtrengthen mee; in my affaires thou diddeſt direct mee, in my troubles thou diddeſt helpe mee, in my dangers thou diddeſt deliuer mee; waking thou diddeſt in-

inlighten mee, ſleeping thou diddeſt watch mee, ſinninge thou diddeſt ſuffer mee, and prayinge thou diddeſt heare mee. Furher, thou haſt annointed mee with thy holy ſpirit, and giuen mee a minde to follow thee; thou haſt called mee by thine owne name, and thou haſt ſealed mee with thy bloude vnto eternall life.

Theſe and manye other benefites haue I receiued, ſome in hand, and ſome in hope; although through my owne ſinnefull demeanor, I haue almoſt both let go my hold, and loſt my hope. But what? if by my owne fault I haue loſt theſe graces, ſhall I bee vnthankefull to him, by whoſe fauoure once I had them.

Lorde, I can yealde

yealde noe reaſon wherefore I had them but that thou wert mercifull; ney-can I ſay any thinge nowe I haue ſoe neere loſt them, but that thou art iuſt: & therefore I thanke thee beecauſe thou diddeſt giue mee them, I am ſorie beecauſe I haue noe better kept them, and I pray thee that thou wouldeſt againe fully reſtore them. For

I aſſure my ſelfe, that thy goodnes is as willinge to reſtore as it was to giue; and that my weakenſſe is as able to recouer as it was to receiue.

Therefore, O Lorde Ieſus, by thy precious teares, by thy bleſſed bloude which thou diddeſt ſhedd for my redemption, by the abourdance of thy mercies I moſt humbly beeſeech thee, ſaue

ſaue thy ſeruant, ſaue one of thy members, though poore and feeble; ſaue, I ſaye, a part of thy ſelfe. Be as greate in pardoning thoſe that are ſubmitted vnto thee, as in puniſhing thoſe that are rebellious: poure vpon my heart the ſweete ſtreames of thy mercies; conforme my life, confirme my faith, ſettle mee in a right and vpright courſe, and

contynue mee in the ſame euen vnto the end.

The worlde (O Lorde) is wrapped in darkeneſſe, whereby it is made ſubiect, both to the pollicies and power of our moſt dangerous and deadly enemy: who beeing the prince of darkenes, is thereby become alſoe the prince of the worlde: but by thy light his malice is diſcouered,

by thy wiſdome his deceites are auoided, and by thy ſtrength his power is repelled. Hee hath manye and verye greate thinges (I confeſſe) to laye vnto my charge, but for thy names ſake (O Lorde) rebuke him, and deliuer me. Drawe my deſires aboue the pitch of his darkeneſſe, raiſe my ſoule out of this myrie lake of miſery, which affoordeth

nothing, but eyther daungers or diſcontentmentes; that this filthy lumpe of fleſh onely may abide on earth, but my thoughtes may continually attend vpon thee.

O ſweete Ieſus, the way of health, the gate of life, the pallace of pietie, of ioy, of ſafetie; I doe too much depreſſe thy benefites whileſt I labour to expreſſe them:

them: for they haue not onely filled, but ouerflowed the frame of the worlde. But, O thou who vnſealeſt the ſilence of the dumbe, vntie my tongue, that I may declare thy goodnes, and giue my voice a power to praiſe thee for the ſame.

By thee (O Lord) the exile is reduced, the captiue redemed, the ſinner is iuſtified, the ſicke are healed,

the dead are raiſed, and the damned are ſaued. By thy goodneſſe wee are created, by thy power wee are preſerued, by thy mercye wee are ſaued. Thou diddeſt create vs without any neede, thou doeſt gouerne vs without any labour, thou mayeſt deſtroie vs without any loſſe. Thou haſt giuen all thinges vnder heauen for our vſe

vſe, either neceſſarye or conuenient; and yet diddeſt thou not thinke that enough, but thou haſt allſoe appointed thine angells to attend vpon vs, to ſtande aboute vs, to watch ouer vs, to bee meſſengers for our ſeruice betweene thee and vs.

And not onelye mankinde haſt thou exceedinglye both honoured and enriched with thy bleſ-

ſinges, but the heauens, the ſtarres, the earth, the aire, the ſeas, the floudes, the day, the night, and whatſoeuer elſe thou haſt ordained, either for the neceſsitie or delight of man, are by thee renued, and reſtored to the end for which they were created. For all thinges were made for the ſeruice of man, and man for the ſeruice of God: but

but once they ſerued thoſe who ſerued idoles, and then they were without anie dignitie, then in a verie kinde of death, being diuerted from the right vſe of their creation. But now they are exalted, now reuiued, now they reioice to ſerue thoſe, who ſerue and worſhip thee, O Lorde.

But why doe I confine thy benefites

within the compaſſe of the whole worlde? They haue prepared downe into hell; they haue alſoe ſurmounted aboue the heauens. Thou haſt ſubdued the kingdome of Sathan; thou haſt broken the chaines of darkeneſſe and death; thou haſt looſed the captiuitie of hell. By thee alſoe the angells expect a reſtitution of the breach which was made

made amongſt them, by reuolt of thoſe which fell.

O ſingular grace, O admirable goodneſſe, whereby mankinde is ſaued; the elementes are renued; hell is vanquiſhed; and heauen is repaired. O beutifull, O bountifull Ieſu, thou haſt bleſſed al creatures, & all creatures againe doe bleſſe & praiſe thee: by thy holineſſe they

are bleſſed, by thy happineſſe they reioice, by thy fullneſſe they flouriſh.

O holy, O happie, O high Ieſu, how is my dull ſight dazelled with thy exceeding brightneſſe? My affections laboure to attaine vnto thee, but whether, I pray thee, doeſt thou flie the purſuite of my vnderſtanding? How exceedeſt thou the compaſſe of my conceite

ceite? Tarry O Lord, tarrie a while for my feeble feete, which ſtraine to followe thee: hide not thy ſelfe from my dim eies, which ſeeke to ſee thee: haue pittie vppon my weake ſoule, which wearily panteth after the ſauour of thy ſaluation. Reach forth thine heauenly hand; leade mee Lorde, lighten mee Lorde, let mee put the finger of my

faith into thy woundes; let mee looke a little how thou hast loued mee.

Oh- wonder of wisdome, O miracle of mercie: God made all thinges, and God was made man: God made all-thinges of nothinge, and without man all-thinges had turned to nothinge: God made all thinges of him selfe, but God would

would not reſtore all thinges without man. Hee was beegotten of God by whome all thinges were made, hee was borne of a woman by whom all thinges were renued: he was beegotten of God with out whome there was nothinge, hee was borne of a woman without whome nothing was well.

O Chriſt, perfect God,

God, and perfect man; O ſweete ſafetie, O ſecure ioye; howe· wonderfull, how worthy a matter, how weightie is it which I doe beehoulde? I am much delighted to ſee it, and yet I ſcarce dare vtter it. Let my ſences bee ſilent for a time, let the tumultuous cogitations of my minde bee quiet; reaſon cannot ſhewe her ſelfe more rea-

reaſonable, then to leaue reſoning in matters aboue her reach. What was hee made? and what hath hee made vs? Shall I ſpeake with ioie, or with modeſtie houlde my peace? But that which my hearte doth beelieue with loue, ſhall not my mouth confeſſe with praiſe? I will ſpeake therefore, not with an high, but with an humble ſpirite;

rite; not to glorie in my ſelfe, but to glorifie God.

The Sonne of God was made man, to make men the ſonnes of God. If then hee hath made vs the ſonnes of his father, hee hath therby made him ſelfe our brother. therfore, our interceſſor is our brother, our iudge is our brother, our Sauiour is our brother, our God is our

our brother. With what aſſurance then may wee hope? what feare ſhall inforce vs either to diſpaire or to doubt? ſeeing our ſaluation dependeth vpon the will of our moſt louing brother? With what ſecuritie may wee flie vnto him? with what bouldneſſe may wee embrace him? with what confidence may wee intreate him? Our louinge brother

will giue vnto vs the good which wee do deſire, and forgiue vs the euell which wee doe deſerue; hee will aske for vs, hee will obtaine for vs, whatſoeuer is expedient: the ſonne wil entreat the father for his chil dren, and the father will heare the ſonne for his brethren.

Let the diuell then doe his worſt to diſmay mee; let my fooliſh feare murmur as

as much as it will; let them both vrge theyre abiect obiections, and ſaye; who art thou? howe greate are thy ſinnes? and where (in Gods name) are thy demerites? I will anſwere with aſſurance, I knowe what I am my ſelfe; and I knowe who hee is vnto whome I truſt. Hee hath giuen mee his gracious worde,

who is both in promiſe true and mightie in performance; hee will doe what he can for my ſafetie, and can doe whatſoeuer hee will. When I call to my conſideration the ineſtimable both bent of his loue, and treaſure of his mercie, then may I plainly both ſee and ſay, as the ſeruant of the prophette did when his eies were ope-

opened: *they are more that ſtande for vs, then they who are againſt vs.* 2. *Reg.* 6. 15. The multitude of my ſinnes ſhalll neuer choake his loue; I can want noe merites ſoe longe as hee doeth want noe mercies: If his loue bee greate, my ſinnes are but ſmall; and if greate bee his mercies, greate likewiſe ſhall bee my merites.

He hath regiſtred mee on his backe; he hath engrauen me in his handes, hee hath ſealed me on his ſide; the whippes, the nailes, the ſpeare haue ſurely ſigned his loue vnto mee: they proclaime his mercie to bee claimed of all men; they crie comfortably vnto mee, that I neede not feare.

Hee hath diſplai-

ed

ed his bleſſed bodie abroade vpon the croſſe, his armes ſpreade to imbrace mee, his heade bowed downe to kiſſe mee, his hearte laide open to loue mee. Into thoſe armes of my Sauiour will I runne, beetweene theſe armes will I reſt, beetweene theſe armes will I reioice. I will ſprinckle my heart with the bloud

of this lambe, and the deſtroyer ſhall haue noe power to hurte.

My ſinnes greater then can bee forgiuen? Thou lieſt, *Caine*; our ſinnes can ſtande in noe degree of compariſon with the mercies of God; but ſoe farre as God is greater then man, ſoe much doeth the goodneſſe of the one exceede the euell of the

the other. As the nature of God is infinite and vnmeaſurable, ſoe cannot his loue bee limitted, ſoe is there noe meaſure of his mercie; as the nature, ſoe the goodneſſe of God is knowne only to him ſelfe.

The ſonne of God hath taken our ſubſtance vpon him, hee hath exalted it aboue the heauens, he hath

ſeated it in the kingdome and glorie of his father: In him I haue a portion of fleſh and bloud, in him a parte of my ſelfe euen now doth reigne, in him a part of my ſelfe is alreadie glorified: and as I doe nothing doubt of this his communion with mee in nature, ſoe will I not diſtruſt of my participation, both heere of

of his grace, and heereafter of his glorie; for although I am ſinnefull, yet is not hee ſoe vnnaturall, that either hee can forgette, or will forſake his owne mẽbers.

Hee that diſpaireth or diſtruſteth his owne ſafetie, hee denieth Chriſtes mercie: and conſequently, hee denieth his loue, hee denieth

his truth, hee denieth his power; the loue of his paſsion, the truth of his promiſe, and the power of his aſcention. Therefore, the more willinge hee was to ſuffer, and the more able hee is to ſaue, the leſſe cauſe haue I to feare; for when all thinges ſhall faile, he will moſt conſtantly keepe his faith.

O wonderfull mif-

miſterie, O exceeding mercie, euer to bee admired, euer to bee loued: wee were not worthye to bee ſeruantes, and loe we are made the ſonnes of God; yea the heires of God, and fellowe heires with Ieſus Chriſt. Who but muſt bee amaſed at ſuch bowelles of mercie? who but will reioice at ſuch aboundance of loue?

which when I call to my conſideration, the burthen of my fleſh doeth not ſo preſſe me, the weight of my mortalitie and miſeries are not ſoe grieuous as they were wont.

Gracious Lorde, what thankes, what praiſe ſhall I tender to thee for this adoption? where ſhall I get good wordes to ſet forth this thy good

good will? Surely, if I had the tongue and knowledge of Angells, yet could I neither thanke thee, nor thinke of thee as is it meete. For thy exceeding loue, proceeding from thy meere goodneſſe, reacheth beyond all boundes, both of vtterance and vnderſtandinge: thy praiſe, Oh Lord, is incomprehenſible, and then wee doe

moſt praiſe thee, when wee knowe thee to bee thine owne praiſe, and acknowledg our ſelues vnable to praiſe thee.

But, O ſweete Saviour, whome none ſeeketh but the admoniſhed, none findeth but the guided, I beeſeech thee by thine ineſtimable goodneſſe, let mee not bee vnthankfully ſi-

ſilent for theſe thy benefits teach me ſecretly in my hearte, O my God, teach mee thy humble ſeruant, O merciſull God, euen by thy greate mercies, I beſeech thee, teach my hearte, with what reuerence it ſhoulde thinke of thee; tell my ſoule, with what delight it ſhoulde loue thee; giue my tongue ſome power

to poure forth praiſes vnto thee: *correct* my weakeneſſe, *erect* my hope, *direct* my deſires: finiſh the work that thou haſt beegunne, and bringe mee to the fullneſſe of thy mercie.

I was dead and buried in ſinne, I ſhoulde haue rotted in diſtruction, but thou diddeſt raiſe mee, thou diddeſt reuiue mee, by thy loue

loue I liue: and therfore I offer my ſelfe wholly vnto thee, moſt earneſtlye entreating thy gracious acceptance, that wee may loue and liue together.

O Lorde Ieſus, I bowe the necke of my ſoule vnder the feete of thy maieſtie, and in the loweſt degree of reuerence, doe giue thee moſt humble and hartie

thankes for these thy benefites: I yeelde thee praises (O Lorde) although base and bare, and farre vnanswerable to thy deserues: yet something my weakenesse is bounde to performe; namelye, to settle my minde to beeholde and loue thee, and to praise thee with wordes soe well as I can.

O amiable, O admira-

mirable Ieſu, let mee loue thee allwaies, beecauſe thou didſt loue mee firſte: let mee loue thee onlye, for hee loueth thee too little, that loueth any thing beſides thee, except it bee for thy ſake: allwaies and onely let mee loue thee, beecauſe by thee onelye I ſhall alwaies liue.

O that my hearte did ſo languiſh with thy

thy loue, that it might melt the moyſture of my bodie into teares, oh that the bowells of my ſonle were ſoe enflamed with thy loue, that it might conſume all droſsie deſires, and drie vp the verie marrowe of my bones: oh that I were ſicke for the loue of him, whoe died for the loue of mee.

Lorde, allthough

I

I bee not worthy ſoe to loue thee, yet art thou worthy much more to bee loued. Therefore (O louing Ieſu) doe not ſoe denie mee that wherof I acknowledge my ſelfe vnworthy, that thy ſelfe be depriued of that, wherof thou art moſt worthye. Graunt (O Lorde) graunt I beeſeech thee, not for my deſertes, but for thy mer-

mercies sake, graũt to my soule, that it may loue thee as thou hast deserued. Grannt (I say) that I may bee worthy to giue that, which thou art worthy to receiue: soe shall I bee worthy of that, whereof nowe I am vnworthy.

It is verie much (O Lorde) that I doe desire, beeinge altogether vnworthy to speake vnto thee

thee; but thy bountie hath made mee bold; I will ſpeake therefore againe vnto my Lorde, although I bee but duſt and aſhes: I will ſpeake againe vnto him, who hath not onelye licenſed, but prouoked, but commaunded vs that we ſhould aske.

O Lord our God, O gracious, O allmightie God, is it not

not better that thou ſhouldeſt freelye giue mee that which I haue not deſerued, then that I ſhoulde vnthankefullye not yeelde to thee, that which is thy due? the one woulde bee a propertie of thy mercie, the other an effect of my iniuſtice. Giue therefore vnto mee thy grace, that I may returne vnto thee thy due; be-

beſtow vpon mee thy mercies, that I may commit againſt thee noe iniuſtice; bee liberall vnto me, that I may not ſeeme iniurious to thee, giue (O Lorde,) giue vnto my ſoule aboundance of thy loue, which I doe iuſtlye deſire, that I may not be vnthankfull vnto thee, which thou mayeſt iuſtlye puniſh.

Deare Chriſt, I doe feele in my heart a weake warmneſſe of thy loue, but my prayer is, that the coales were throughly kindled with deſire, and blowne with delight into a full flame. O ſacred fire, how comfortablye doeſt thou burne? O heauenlye lighte, how ſweetlye doeſt thou ſhine? how deſirous are they more and

and more to burne whom thou doſt enflame? how are they delighted whome thou doeſt enlightten?

Alaſſe, how late haue I loued thee, O beautie moſt exceedinglye both auncient and freſh, and yet, alaſſe, how little do I loue thee? wherfore I beeſeech thee, O Lorde, by thy precious woundes, from

which guſhed out the ſtreames of our redemption, wound my ſinnefull ſoule with the dart of thy loue, ſtrike Lorde, ſtrike with the two edged ſworde which procedeth out of thy mouth, ſtrike deepe into my harde harte, pierce my ſenceleſſe ſoule, parte all the inner partes of my ſpirit, that I may crie out, (but not eom-

plaine

plaine) how I am wounded with thy loue.

O ſweete Chriſt O good Ieſu, euen for thine interceſsion ſake, and for thy merites ſake I beeſeech thee, giue me thy holy and chaſt loue, and then ſhall I bee fullye furniſhed with all heauenly ver:ues. Lorde, thou diddeſt loue vs when wee were thine enemies,

and wilt thou denie vs now to loue thee againe? thou haſt commaunded vs with our whole harte to loue thee; and wilt thou not graunt vs abilitie to obey.

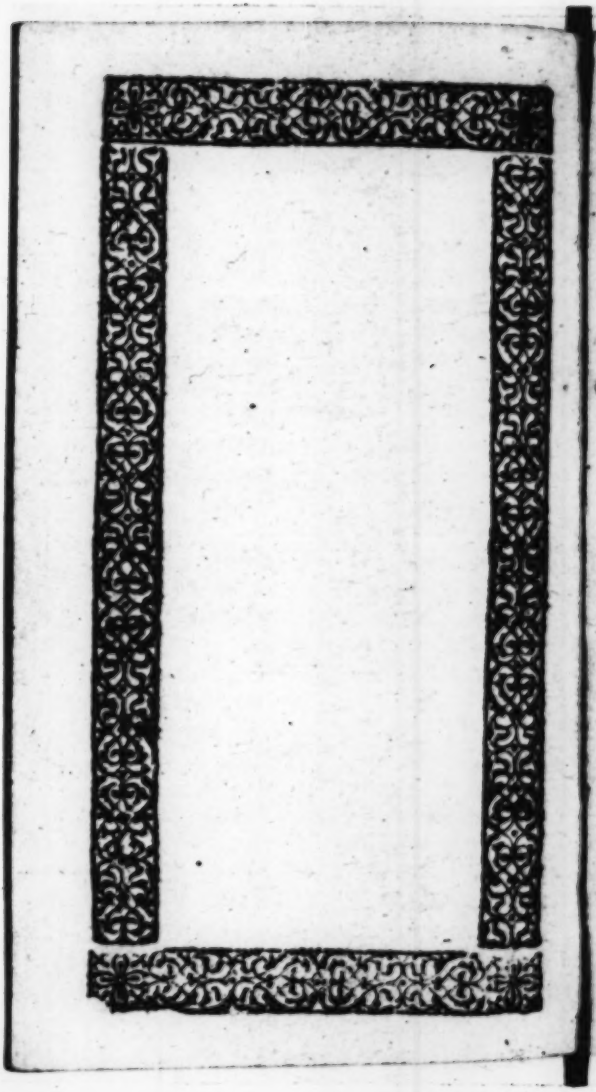
Heare O my God, heare O light of mine eies, encreaſe my deſire, and grant my requeſt; ſtop not thime eares againſt mee, beecauſe of my ſinnes. *Indue* my ſoule

ſoule with thy loue, *ſubdue* my fleſh with thy feare, that I may allwaies thinke of thee ioyntlye both with tremblinge and truſt. Settle the loue of thee in mee, and the care of mee in thee: let my prayer come vnto thee, and thy mercie come vnto mee; let the ioy of thy happineſſe remaine with mee, and the cõpaſsion of my

miſeries remaine wi.h thee. Let my hearte loue thee, let my fleſh feare thee, let my whole ſubſtance in this worlde ioie wholly e in thee, that it may enioye thee wholye in the worlde to come. Amen.

Aut vbiq; aut nuſquam liber

pag.	Lin.	error	corrected
49	9	my	thy
51	13	path	pathes
73	12	at them	for them
112	7	my	any
121	4	ſhall	ſhalt
114	16	both age	both in age
151	7	the God	the God of Iſrael
	4	heir	their
153	7	reſolue	reſolute
163	11	goodneſſe	goodneſſes
161	15	ſonle	ſoule,
	16	it,	it
187	14	ether	either
	16	occſions	occaſions
184	8	wheeein	wherein
189	3	lif	lift
191	1	for his merites,	for his happineſſe, to praiſe him for his merites,
193	4	ſonle	ſoule
197	15	thert veat	vtter that
216	2	the whole world	the world
	3	prepared	pierced
217	11	beutifull	beautifull
283	2	reſoning	reaſoning



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